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THE ANCHOR



FEBRUARY 1912

B. B.

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work and satisfied customers are natural results.

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P. S. Boter & Co.

"Watch-Us-Grow"

The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XXV

FEBRUARY, 1912

NUMBER 5

THE FALL OF THE SNOWFLAKE.



YUKI SAN was seventeen. Her cheeks were not rosy like the cheeks of her sister, O Cheo San. They were pale as the snow flakes she was named for, and her step was as light as the snowflakes' fall. Her red lips drooped wistfully and her beautiful, black eyes were full of dreams. O Yuki San's mother, who was very superstitious, said that she saw strange things that other people never did. This was true perhaps, for O Yuki San watched breathlessly the unfolding of the cherry-buds in April, until their waxy blossoms burst into bloom like a lovely, sunset cloud over the garden. She liked best to wander about in the garden, and cared so little for what other girls liked, that her mother grew anxious and said to her father that O Yuki San was not well. But he only laughed and shook his head, saying he would find a good husband for O Yuki San, and then she would grow strong and rosy. Indeed, O Yuki San must marry; she was already seventeen.

So that was settled, although O Yuki San knew nothing about it, until a few weeks later the father asked his wife for sake and bade her call O Yuki San. He drank his sake slowly and looked gravely at his daughter, who sat beside her mother, opposite him.

"O Yuki San," he said at length, "I have found a suitable husband for you."

O Yuki San bowed her head meekly. She was neither glad nor sorry, but very grateful. "It is as you say, my father," she murmured. "I thank you a thousand times for your kindness."

"May I ask of O Yuki San's future husband?" her mother asked respectfully.

"Matsu is soldier," the father replied proudly. "Indeed, he is of the Imperial Guard. So our daughter shall live in Tokyo when she is married. Matsu is strong and brave."

After that the father drank many more cups of sake, rubbing his hands together in a satisfied manner while his wife refilled his cups. O Yuki San excused herself with many bows and murmured thanks and went into the garden. There O Cheo San was kneeling on a broad, flat stone, bounding her worsted-covered balls nimbly with both hands and singing an odd little tune meanwhile. She greeted her sister with a merry laugh and a challenge to a ball-bounding contest. But O Yuki San did not wish to play with her. Perhaps she felt too old.

One day, not long after, Matsu came to visit O Yuki San's parents. As they were talking together, O Yuki San, feeling very curious, crept noiselessly up to the "shogi." She moistened the paper with the tips of her fingers and peeped through. She was rewarded with a glimpse of Matsu's back. He did not wear a kimono, but the official garb of a soldier, which O Yuki San admired silently. She had never seen a soldier-suit before. Just then the father clapped his hands and called loudly for her.

O Yuki San started back, trembling and frightened for a moment. Then she slid the "shogi" apart and glided into the room. She made a pretty picture, wearing a kimono of cherry-colored crepe with a gorgeous satin obi, and having her smooth, glossy hair wonderfully decked for the occasion with gay, dangling ornaments.

She spread her little hands before her on the mat, and bowed her head over them till it touched the floor. Then she cast a timid, fleeting glance at Matsu; for the rest, she sat silently with her eyes demurely cast down. But as she listened to Matsu, her heart beat quickly, and a bright color crept into her pale cheeks.

At last, when Matsu arose to go, he asked courteously of the father if O Yuki San might accompany him to the gate.

The father replied depreciatingly that his daughter was not worthy of such an honor, but if Matsu wished it, he was willing to grant his least desire. So O Yuki San flitted away

to the entrance where she slipped on her red lacquer "gata." She walked happily to the gate with Matsu. There he stopped, and taking her dainty little hands in his big ones, said kindly:

"I will come back in a few weeks, O Yuki San. Will you be ready then to go with me?"

"It is as you say, Matsu. I will be ready," she replied softly.

Matsu raised her hands gently and kissed them. "This is as the foreigners do when they leave each other," he said smiling.

O Yuki San had never been kissed before. She did not understand it, and suddenly shy, she drew the sleeve of her kimono over her face, but, fearing she had been impolite, she let it fall and innocently offered her hands to Matsu again.

"Syonara, O Yuki San," Matsu said.

"Syonara, Matsu," O Yuki San replied, waving her hand gaily to him. "Syonara."

That night O Yuki San could not sleep. She lay quietly on her "futon" and watched the moonbeams glide up the wall and over the ceiling. She thought, too, of all the wonderful things Matsu had said, of the foreigners in Yokohama, who dressed so strangely, of the beautiful white battleships and the great steamers in the harbor, then of Tokyo.—O Yuki San held her breath as she thought of walking down the "ginza" lined with glittering shops and bazaars, and of seeing the palace grounds, where Matsu was stationed—and last but best of all, before her eyes swam the delicious vision of Fuji-yama, with its crown of everlasting snows and its mantle of rosy clouds. Finally O Yuki San folded her little hands beneath her cheeks and blissfully fell asleep with these thoughts mingling pleasantly with her dreams.

The next morning O Yuki San was very tired. She sipped her bowl of tea and rice, and hardly finishing it, wandered out into the garden. The games of O Cheo San did not amuse her any longer,—she must think of graver things.

So she sat in the tea-house all morning, idly watching the placid stream below, the iris and lotus floating on its glassy surface, and the purple blossoms of the wistaria falling from the roof.

"All will be different there," she sighed happily, "more

beautiful. How hard it is to wait." Then she mused, "Matsu is very kind and good. He will come again soon." But even then a vague fear marred her happiness.

It was only a few days later that a letter came from Matsu, in which he wrote regretfully that his duties were so urgent that he could not obtain leave of absence for a long time, perhaps two or three months. But in October, O Yuki San must surely be ready.

O Yuki San submitted. "I will have longer to think of the wonderful things," she said to comfort herself. But every day O Yuki San grew paler and more tired, and one morning she felt too weary to get up. She lay quietly on her "futon" after that. Everything seemed to slip from her in a haze. Sometimes she tried to think of the wonderful future, but these bright dreams, too, slowly vanished.

One day her mother begged her almost tearfully to eat something and to run about in the garden. But O Yuki San only shook her head, and stretched out both her tiny, thin hands to her mother.

"It is all gone, the dream," she whispered. "For me, but O Cheo San—perhaps Matsu will like her rosy cheeks and her laughter. She will like the many people and the shops; and Fuji San—but I am tired."

Poor O Yuki San! Poor little snowflake, fluttering down and vanishing so soon!

C. JANET OLTMANS, '14.

THE CHICAGO PARENTAL SCHOOL.



LOCATED upon the outskirts of the city of Chicago, is an institution in which every Hope College student, as well as every person who has some measure of sympathy for others, is, or should be, interested. This institution has done as much as any other agency in Chicago for the physical, intellectual, and moral uplift of boys. It has taken boys whose home environment was of the worst type, whose thoughts and words were unclean, and whose deeds were, to a large extent, criminal, and, after a year's discipline and education, has sent

them out with the firm purpose to become honest, industrious, law-abiding citizens. The institution to which I refer is the Parental School of Chicago.

This school is located about fifteen miles from the heart of the city, and is therefore far removed from the noise and endless confusion of that great metropolis. The Northwestern Elevated Railway, which has its terminus in the beautiful suburb called Ravenswood, carries one to within a short distance of the school. The property of the school consists of a large farm and three brick school-buildings, besides barns and various domestic animals.

The management is in the hands of a superintendent and eight officers with their wives. These are all appointed and paid by the City Board of Education. The students at this school are boys who, for various reasons, absent themselves from the public schools of the city so frequently that the attention of the truant officers is called to the fact, when they are arraigned before the Juvenile Court and receive their sentence. About three hundred boys can be accommodated at one time, and if the truancy list mounts above that number, some are deprived of the privilege of a course at the school. The boys are divided into eight families, each of which has its own dining-room, bedroom, playroom, and playgrounds. Each of these families is under the care of a family-officer and his wife. It is the duty of these to take care of the physical needs of the boys. Thus, at six o'clock in the morning, a whistle blows as the signal for the commencement of the day's activities. All of us know the difficulties which usually accompany the attempt to waken youths of that age, namely, from seven to fourteen. None of these difficulties are experienced here. At the sound of the officer's voice, forty pairs of feet strike the floor almost simultaneously, and, in almost less time than it takes to tell it, forty boys are dressed. When all have washed their hands and faces to the satisfaction of the officer, they are marched to breakfast. After breakfast, they are divided into squads. One of these squads takes care of the dishes, another of the beds, another helps the cook in the kitchen, another helps in the laundry. At nine o'clock all of the officers and boys assemble in the drill-room and the pupils are given into the hands of the teachers, who are engaged especially for this

school and conduct classes in all branches studied in the public schools of the city. The officers have charge of the boys again during the dinner-hour, and after school in the evening. When the dining-room has been put in order after supper, the boys have an hour for play and reading. They are then marched to the dormitory, where some are soon in their clean white coats, while others, however, are made to regret their misdeeds by being compelled to perform various vigorous but unpleasant physical maneuvers as a punishment.

And so, from the moment of his arrival at the school, the boy is made to feel that there are many things required of him; that there are certain privileges which he is to enjoy, and also certain duties which he is to perform; that obedience is demanded; and that severe punishment is sure to follow the slightest disobedience. This is a complete change from anything to which he has been accustomed. Perhaps his parents were so poor that he was forced by circumstances to shift for himself; perhaps he comes from a good home and has a good father and mother, who earnestly desire his welfare, but have failed to guard him from the allurements of the street, which appealed more strongly to him than the dull routine of the schoolroom and gave him the desire to play "hooky" and to be "tough." He has been accustomed to do and say what he pleased and to fear no authority except that of the "c. p." But now he finds that from morning till night he is under the authority of an officer, that he must do what that officer commands, and say but very little,—for, except on the playgrounds, talking is prohibited. Perhaps at first he rebels against these restraints and longs for home and his old companions; but he soon becomes accustomed to the new order of things and begins to enjoy himself.

The entire school is organized like an army. Each of the eight companies has its captain and lieutenant, and a colonel is in charge of the whole army. At noon and in the evening, they assemble in the drill hall. All of the boys are clad in uniforms. Each of the private carries a wooden gun, and each of the officers, a sword. Led by the band of drummers and buglers, they execute the drill as prescribed by the regulations of the United States Infantry. It is very interesting to watch this army of three hundred, as they march in all the orders imagin-

able, always in perfect and straight ranks, and to hear the sharp commands of the officers, as they order their "soldiers" "halt," "columns left," "present arms," and "attention." One of the family-officers acts as inspector of these drills, and at the end of each month the privilege of carrying the United States flag in drill is given to that company which the officer considers has done the best. This is considered a great honor and is the cause of intense rivalry among the companies. Woe betides that boy who, through awkwardness or inattention to commands, lowers the standard of his company. The recent arrivals, and those who, through stupidity or clumsiness, are unable to perform with the main companies, form what is known as the "awkward squad," which has its own officers, and drills separately. The captains and lieutenants are chosen from among the boys of the companies as a reward for special excellence in deportment. The colonel is chosen from the entire army because of extraordinary ability.

This military organization aids greatly in keeping order among the boys, and relieves the family-officers of many cares. In moving from place to place in the buildings or on the grounds, the "cadets" always line up in double file and march wherever the captain directs. And so at all times, each boy knows his place, and makes it a point to be in that place. Were it not for this military organization and discipline, the "father" and "mother" of such a large family of children (and especially of such children as these) would doubtless be driven to desperation.

A visit to the Parental School will convince one that the problem of boy-government has been developed into a science there, and that the family-officers are experts in this work. It is contrary to the rules of the institution to inflict corporal punishment, so other methods of correction have been devised. The simplest and easiest of these is the regulation of the rations. There are three tables at which meals are served. At the first, an excellent meal, including dessert, is furnished; at the second, all except dessert is to be obtained; and at the third the boys get nothing but bread and milk. If, on account of extraordinary misconduct, a boy is not considered worthy to dine even at the third table, a week of solitary confinement behind iron bars, on a diet of bread and water, gives such a

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lad time for considering the evil of his way. It is pleasing to note that, among other things, the appetites of the boys so influence their conduct, that very few are sentenced to a diet of bread and milk, and that only in very exceptional cases is the "lockup" used. A mark is set against the name of an offender whenever an officer deems the offense committed sufficient to deserve it. These marks are cancelled when the required amount of "bull-ring", "squats", and "muscle-grinders" is done. In "bull-ring" the offender is made to run slowly in a circuit about a hundred feet. The name "squats" sufficiently indicates the nature of that exercise. What makes these very effective is the fact that they are administered when all "good" boys are at leisure, so that the lot of the "bad" boys seems unhappy by comparison. These punishments are so severe that every boy has a dreadful fear of marks. They also afford vigorous exercise, which is conducive to good appetites, good health, and sound sleep. It seems to an outsider that they are too severe and that the officers administer them too relentlessly, but experience has taught that severity is necessary.

But there is much to make life pleasant for the cadet. There is the playground with its numerous amusements; there are the gardens with their flowers and grass,—things which the boy saw very seldom in the city; there are the horses, cows, chickens, ducks and rabbits; there is the large swimming-pool; and there are so many other things to make life enjoyable that some of the "backsliders" frankly confess that they became truants purposely, that they might be sent back to the Parental School.

After a period of from seven to twelve months, the boy is sent back to his home. Perhaps his home conditions are such that it is almost impossible for him to attend school. Perhaps necessity forces him to earn a livelihood for himself. And so in some cases he returns to his former companions, regains his old habits, and is again sent to the Parental School, a "backslider." But in most cases he learns his lesson well. He has discovered the advantages of cleanliness—he prefers a clean bed to a dirty box in an alley; he has made much progress in his school-work, and wishes to continue it. And so he continues to attend school, finds some employment when he

has finished, and eventually becomes an honest, industrious, law-abiding citizen.

Thus, it is evident that the object of this school is not primarily punishment, but reform. It seeks to give a fair chance to boys who have not had such a chance at home, and, by correcting bad habits and inculcating good ones, to build up their characters.

Much as this institution has done, its work is, nevertheless, superficial. For, in a large city like Chicago, where there are so many poor people who cannot educate their children properly, it is evident that but few can be reached by an agency of this kind. Reform, to be permanently effective, should commence in the home.

I have not the space in this article to describe the various races and nationalities represented in this school, or to tell of the homes and lives of boys whom I have known there, but I hope that enough has been said to convey some idea as to the nature of this institution and the work that it is carrying on.

—J. J. DE BOER, '15.

"SHORT-CUTS" TO THE MINISTRY.



WE HAVE reached the time when a broad education is a prerequisite for men who desire to be a successful leader. The demand for wide knowledge of present-day problems is indeed great; while an acquaintance with events of the past is equally necessary. Knowledge of what men have thought, what men have written, and what men have done during past centuries, aids men of today in facing and solving the great problems of the present, which appear in every field of activity. For this reason it is the college and the university graduate, the individual who in his studies has lived through the struggles of the past centuries, who is called upon to decide present-day problems.

Now, though important situations are being faced and solved today by the student of yesterday, each generation finds its own peculiar and new conditions, and therefore the student of today is called upon to grapple with the great ques-

tions of tomorrow, and to produce satisfactory solutions from the store of knowledge he is now acquiring. While all educated men will find it necessary to respond to the call for advice, the minister will find himself in the front rank of these leaders of mankind.

Never before has the minister had such a large sphere of activity as he has today. Although he may not be the foremost man in the community, he is among the foremost. The mission of the church is being enlarged until it includes much more than the mere preaching of the Gospel, important as that may be. The church today is becoming a great factor intellectually and socially, and as a result we find Social Settlement work and the activities of the Institutional Church emphasized. This demands that the preacher have a grip on social advancement and social problems. Again, the preacher is being called upon to deal with philosophical and scientific problems. The layman is acquainting himself with these problems, and can respect the pastor's knowledge only as the pastor shows his own particular position on these questions.

But why speak of these evident facts in a college paper? This is the reason: There are some who, knowing these things, seem inclined to give them little attention. It is not important that those who are studying for the ministry should seek to equip themselves with all of the elements of an "all-around" education, which alone will enable them to meet the demands of this age? And yet there are wont to be those in college who take what have been well called "short-cuts to the ministry." This expression applies to those who come to college for one or two years, elect a couple of courses in English, one or two in Philosophy, a year of Latin and Greek, and then with this meager "smattering" of these studies make a dash for the Seminary! Even after spending the required three years in the Seminary, can such a man be pronounced adequately qualified for the position he is to occupy in the greatest institution on earth? Will he be able to speak so interestingly, so intelligently, or so rhetorically as he could if he had taken the entire course in English? Will it be possible for him to think so clearly and to master great mental difficulties as well as he could with a full course in Philosophy? Or, again, will such clear illustrations come to his mind as would come from a

more complete knowledge of history and of science?

Students of Hope College will do well to consider these things, and, before attempting to enter the Seminary poorly equipped, ask whether or not they act wisely. One may plan a tour in either of two ways. He may seek to reach a certain destination in the shortest possible time, or he may allow a longer time for his journey and travel by a more circuitous route. Each route will finally bring him to the desired place, but which will furnish the more material for conversation? In which case will the traveler be more able to interest his friends? Is not this illustration analogous to the subject in hand? Which preacher will be more able to interest his audience, the one who made a "short-cut" to his profession and missed much by the way, or the one who got all there was to be had, and who from his abundant store can draw all that is required? Once more, Hopeites, pause to consider who will be the most successful in the end, the man who realizes the demands of the profession and takes due time for adequate preparation, or the one who is over-zealous to begin active service and too anxious to settle down to his life-work and therefore fails to fit himself properly? —J. B., '12.

THE PROGRAM AT AMHERST COLLEGE.



RECENT editorial in the Anchor commented at length upon the new re-statement of Amherst's policy, in response to the memorial from the class of 1885. While a few words remain to be said concerning the Amherst program, in order that it may be more completely understood, I hesitate to add them, lest by some it may be felt that I am attempting to detract from the importance given to the classics by the authorities of the old New England college. Be it understood, then, at the outset, that such is far from my purpose. No one, but a very narrow-minded partisan, totally unworthy of notice, would presume to assail the educational value of classical study or deny the enormous debt the world at large owes to the inspiration that comes from the writings of the ancients. From this spirit therein found, the men of the Renaissance

derived the basis on which to establish the intellectual emancipation of mankind. The obligation is one that can never be denied.

The action at Amherst is in no sense a departure from the traditional policy of the institution, but a maintenance of the same, and is not to be understood as a conclusion that other branches of study are of scant value. The class of 1885 desired to make plain the true aim of the college,—of a college. It recognized that the function of the college and the function of the university are distinct. The tendency to specialization throughout the country and the rush of students to the large universities for technical training has misled many colleges, causing them to step outside their proper sphere and endeavor to compete with the larger institutions. The result has been unfortunate in that it has induced the smaller places to attempt to provide work that does not belong to them and which they are in no way fitted nor intended to do. That Amherst might not yield to this temptation as its nearby rival, Dartmouth, has done, was evidently the wish of her alumni.

The primary purpose of a college is to supply the cultural development of a man. That is something that the utilitarian critics of the day, such as the late R. T. Crane,—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—have seemingly failed to grasp. This word cultural has been mouthed over a good deal of late; it may be defined as the fertilization of a man's natural resources of thought by the means of drill, of discipline, of arduous mental labor on a task that will produce a crop of ideas and a method of attack for other studies,—those of the professional school. It is recognized that Latin and Greek furnish not only fine ideas and give progress to a healthy imagination, but afford an excellent mental drill as well. Their importance as cultural tools and as aids to other studies cannot be gainsaid. But that they rank above these other studies is not true,—even for the so-called "cultural purpose."

The degree of B. S. is recommended for abolishment, not because the sciences are not to be fully as important at Amherst as the other studies. It simply means that the college recognizes that the degree of B. S. is primarily a technical degree and belongs to the specialist's group, to the special department of a university. It means that in the college a full-

bred man is to be compounded from a proper mixture of sciences and arts, but turned out with an A. B. degree. The B. S. means that he has graduated in a technically professional character. This technical character the Amherst authorities feel not to be the function of a college. It is, then, not a radical departure for Amherst, but a distinct statement of its policy to produce well-rounded, thinking men, who can go into a professional or graduate school with absolutely the highest voltage of method, training, and varied knowledge, ready then to specialize in classics, in modern languages, in sciences, etc. Things will not all run to Latin and Greek; a classical education does not mean an education in the classics, purely and simply.

The policy of Amherst is thus to keep down its student-body by refusing to enter the field of preparing men for a special professional calling. The college makes it plain that it wants only those men who are able and willing to spend the necessary time for a period of deliberate mental training before entering upon a special field of life-work. Amherst is undoubtedly the best college, pure and simple, in America from the scholastic standpoint. The statement has been made without contradiction that more Amherst men are acting as college teachers today than men from any other college of similar size. While it is democratic in admitting students who are prepared to enter, it adheres to certain of the aristocratic ideals of training in vogue at the more famous English universities, where they aim to turn out men of broad culture rather than specialists in a given branch. It will also be noted that the memorial comes from a class which graduated nearly thirty years ago, whose members have gained the naturally deeper impression of the soul-satisfying importance of cultural studies not so readily evident to the recent graduate. Moreover, when these men were in college the term "cultural studies" meant very largely Latin and Greek.

The list of Amherst professors in other subjects is a distinguished one and contains such names as Tyler, the biologist; Loomis, the anthropologist; Harris, the chemist; Harper, the physicist; Todd, the astronomer; Garman, the psychologist (characterized by G. Stanley Hall as the greatest teacher of psychology since Jonathan Edwards), among whose pupils are

Tufts of Chicago, Titchener of Cornell, and Lord and Woodbridge of Columbia. Since the modern languages came into importance, Amherst has produced such men as Livingston, Professor of Italian at Columbia; Wilkins, Professor of Italian at Harvard; Warren, head of the Romance department at Yale;—all of which shows the high importance given to this work at Amherst and the quality of instruction.

Much more might be said on this interesting subject, which, by the way, is one product of the current discussion as to the purpose and utility of the college education—but the reader, if interested, may follow the subject further by the aid of the subjoined list,—

Address of the class of 1885. **Independent**; Vol. 71, 50-51; July 6, '11.

Amherst Idea: **Dial**; Vol. 50, 461-3, June 16, '11. **Pop. Science**; Vol. 79, 102-4, July, '11. **Outlook**; Vol. 98, 516-7, July 8, '11.

New Opportunity of the Small College: **Harper's**; Vol. 123, 133-7, June, '11.

New Spirit in College Life; **Craftsman**; Vol. 20, Sept. '11.

Regeneration of the Small College: **Independent**; Vol. 70, 767-9, April 13, '11.

Noteworthy Project (Roosevelt): **Outlook**; Vol. 97, 144-6, Feb. 18, '11.

I may add that for confirmation of these ideas of mine, rather ramblingly expressed as they are, I have submitted them to a well-known Amherst alumnus, Professor S. G. Patterson of the University of Idaho. If my discussion will aid any man to get a clearer idea of what he ought, and what he ought not to expect from the college, it will have fulfilled its purpose. Just at present there seems to be a widespread call for an answer to the question, "Why is a college?"

—H. R. BRUSH.



THE ANCHOR.

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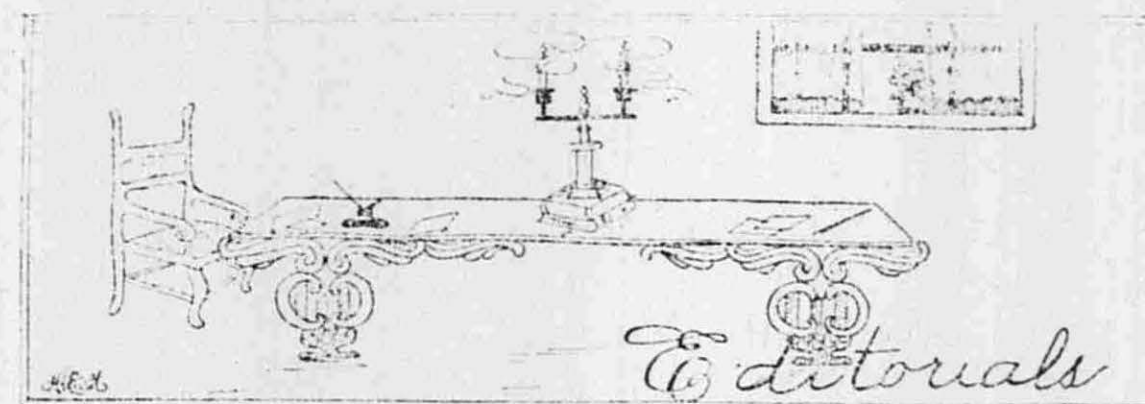
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On Athletics in General.

The present editorial staff is working on a policy of broad-mindedness, and in accordance with this policy, the editors have in the past tried to offer valuable suggestions on many phases of our college life. Now, to continue this policy, it is proper that one great phase of school interests should not be neglected,—and that phase is athletics. Therefore we here give sundry comments on athletics, having reference especially to conditions at Hope.

First of all, we believe in athletics. They are profitable.

because they promote health of body. The "anemic pen-pusher," to adopt a phrase we once heard a student use, is not bound to be popular; the muscular scholar is the ideal college man. Athletics have a place, therefore, because they make for greater physical power, and hence for greater efficiency in class-work. Again, athletics add an element of zest to the student's routine. What better diversion than an exciting game or a stimulating contest? We all need relaxation and change, and the college-man finds it, to a considerable degree, in athletics. Then, too, when the school sends out teams to compete with other schools and organizations, the student identifies his interests with those of the school, and feels that the honor of the institution is at stake. As a result, he gets the habit of rejoicing in the school's success and of working for her honor,—and that is college spirit. School-loyalty is worth a great deal. Since athletics promote this spirit, they should be encouraged.

But there is a danger of putting too much emphasis on athletics. To us it seems that they cannot be placed quite on a par with the activities of the class-room, the literary society, and the like. The body must be developed, but it is often, and justly so, considered only the instrument of the mind; therefore efficiency of the intellect is superior to physical attainment. Aren't we a little prone to lionize or idolize the full-back and the "basketeer," while we overlook the merits of the orator or the debater? We deck the athlete with dazzling monograms, to show that he has defended the honor of the school, but how tangible is the recognition that we accord to the college's representative in intellectual contests? We mention this, not as a complaint, but only as a warning, lest we fail to put the proper valuation on intellectual attainments in proportion to physical feats. Now, considering that athletics are not quite on a par with mental exercise, it is very unwise that some students put more time on their games than on their studies. And arguing from this same principle, we feel that a reasonable scholarship standard should be set for the members of our teams. With the administration of the school, we say scholarship is paramount. If there were no studies to pursue, there would be no Hope College; and if the college-man's first business is to study, he should study hard, while

athletics, intended to be an aid to study, should not be a hindrance to it.

As regards permits from parents or guardians, we can hardly understand why permits should be required for every branch of athletics; but we do think they should be demanded for football, so long as much of our constituency is opposed to the game, and so long as the college authorities hesitate to take the responsibility for possible injuries. Further, it seems to us that the proper authorities, if not the whole student-body, deserve censure for allowing a man to play on the football team not only contrary to his parents' wish, but also without their knowledge.

Just a word about intercollegiate athletics. It has never been quite clear to us why intercollegiate sports are forbidden at Hope. True, we are a Christian school, and our principles must be preserved. But will the contests with other schools, the out-of-town trips, and other features of intercollegiate athletics, seriously jeopardize those principles? When a man has lofty ideals, does he isolate himself from others in order to preserve those ideals? Does he not rather take his part in human action, so that his ideals may influence others for good? In the same way, can he not let the light of our high ideals shine, and can we not raise other students to our standards, instead of being drawn down to theirs? To us the arguments against intercollegiate athletics seem a bit far-fetched and vague.

This, then, is a platform on athletics, drawn up at the editor's desk: Athletics have a place in school-life, but should not be overdone; a good record along intellectual lines is of more value than athletic ability; a scholarship standard should be required; permits should be required for football; intercollegiate athletics are desirable. If we are narrow-minded in some particulars, come and tell us so; if our sentiments please you, you are welcome to them.

Cutting Classes.

The college rules in regard to cutting classes are excellent. The enforcement of these rules has not been very strict, consequently they were little respected. We observe a change, how-

ever—a change that will be beneficial to students, and likewise raise the standard of the college.

To submit to discipline is a good thing to learn while in college. Later in life, when he may be in the employment of some one else, the student will discover that there are certain rules which must be observed, and that faithfulness and punctuality are two essentials demanded by most employers. If laxity has characterized the student's previous life, this defect will undoubtedly be a hindrance to him later, this habit, acquired in college, will also mark the future, and may cause his failure in life's contest. If we allow ourselves in these days of preparation to be enslaved by a habit of slothfulness in business, a disregard for our duties, a desire to escape as much work as possible, we are hurting our own prospects and curtailing future success.

Cutting classes ought to be looked upon as a cowardly act, for that is what it is. It is a shirking of duties which we are supposed to do, and to avoid such duties is by no means praiseworthy—it is to be condemned. It is highly desirable that we all look upon this evil from the proper viewpoint. In the past this evil has not been uncommon here. Some have learned it here. It is restricted to a few and these will eventually reap what they have sown. We believe that it is not fair to the student-body; what is more, we believe there is something wrong, if a student can cut classes in certain departments an indefinite number of times and still secure a passing-mark. All sympathy to the faithful, industrious student, who, notwithstanding his hard work, fails to pass. We can readily imagine how hard it must be for a conscientious professor to give such a student a "condition." But to him who wilfully cuts classes without any reasonable excuse, no sympathy or mercy is due. "Skipping" is a deplorable habit which ought not to be found here. If the evil is here, some will follow the example set by a few others. The knowledge that the rules are not merely "dead letters" will soon put a stop to this pernicious habit. The college will render us a valuable service if it removes any evil tendency which is liable to endanger our life's possibilities.

—C. D.



Rev. S. Zandstra, '03, is the new pastor of the Reformed church at Little Falls, New Jersey.

Rev. Ralph Bloemendal, '86, is to resume his pastoral work and has accepted a call to the First Reformed church in Cleveland.

Rev. G. DeJonge, '82, has accepted a call to become financial agent for Hope College and the Western Theological Seminary.

At a meeting of the Michigan Academy of Science, held in Lansing, December 16th, Dr. Richard d'Zeeuw, '06, of the department of botany at the Michigan Agricultural College, was elected secretary-treasurer of that body.

Mr. David Van Strien, '09, has been appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions, R. C. A., to become a missionary in the Orient.

Mr. Dick Dykstra, '06, and Mrs. Dykstra, Prep. '95, are expected home this year on furlough from their field in Arabia.

John Wichers, '10, is pursuing post-graduate work at Princeton University, and attending the Princeton Theological Seminary.

In an annual of the McCormick Seminary of Chicago, which has been received here recently, the article on the class of 1913 appears under the name of Nelson Dalenberg, '10.

The parsonage of the Reformed church at Pultneyville, N. Y., was recently entirely destroyed by fire. The pastor of the church, Rev. H. E. Telman, '01, sustained a severe loss of books and furniture.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of the

Rev. Willis G. Hoekje, '04, to Miss Annie Nesbit Hail of the Presbyterian Mission in Japan. Miss Hail's parents have for many years been missionaries in Japan, and she herself was born in that country.

Prof. Herbert G. Keppel, '89, of the University of Florida, is a member of an international commission which has been investigating the subject of mathematics as a study in the schools of the world.



Instead of the last regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. during the Fall term, a Christmas social was enjoyed by the Association girls. The members were asked to bring presents of food, clothing, or toys, which could be packed in baskets for poor families. The generous collection of useful articles was given into the hands of the city authorities to be distributed by them among poor and worthy families. The afternoon was spent by the girls in playing games and listening to a delightful program arranged by the committee in charge. Apples and candy were informally served. A surprisingly happy time was spent by all, proving that by trying to make others happy, our own joy is greatly increased.

On December 18th, Miss Irene Staplekamp, '12, entertained a group of college friends in honor of her birthday anniversary. A novel and pleasing method of entertainment was followed.

Miss Mae De Pree, '12, entertained her classmates at a Christmas supper at her home in Zeeland on Friday evening, December 22nd. Games of many kinds made the evening short and pleasant.

During the last week of the fall term "Butch" Den Herder and John Vruwink of the U. of C. paid a visit to their many college friends at Hope.

The basket-ball game played January 12th by the Lewis Institute of Chicago and Hope College was attended by the Sorosis Society in a body. The society girls were out with their pennants, colors, and horns. Under Miss Charlotte DePree's leadership many rousing yells and songs were given to encourage the Hope team.

Exchanges

"Say, Clarence, did you read the December number of *Keramos*?"

"No, Wallace, I didn't. Too busy."

"Well, you missed half of your life, then. Just take it up and read it. See if you don't like it."

The next day Clarence returned to the *Anchor* editorial rooms, his face wreathed in smiles.

"So you approve of that kind of college paper, do you? Glad we didn't let our *Anchor* get into such a rut as that. Why, all the articles are too short. The whole paper looks scrappy."

"Quality, not quantity, my boy. The magazine is singularly well-balanced. It is neat. It contains some fine essays and poems. If you write a better Christmas story than that, we'll publish it mighty quick."

"But look at the *High School Review* here. That's the paper for you," said Henry.

"Your judgment is excellent," replied the editor. "It is hard to resist the charming, yes, the more than attractive, cover-design of the *Review*."

Then we happened to look around and saw George, a "prep" student, all but devouring a paper.

"What have you got there?" said Henry.

"The *Hillsdale Collegian*, and kindly be still," was the curt reply from George.

"What's he so interested in that paper for? Has he any friends over in Hillsdale?" was the question.

"Yes, but just now he's reading an interesting story called 'A Matter of Honor.'"

"Isn't the **Collegian** rather meager in its proportions this month?" queried Henry.

"Remember, my child, that it is published semi-monthly. The only thing we see to criticize in the paper is the somewhat haphazard mixing up of editorials, news-items and literary productions."

"Quit your nonsense. That's just what I like about the paper," said George.

So we left George in solitude. Clarence continued the conversation in another part of the room, however, by saying that the **Kalamazoo Normal Record** was a new paper and was getting along finely.

"Yes," said the editor, "you will rarely find a more helpful periodical than that. Better paper and a larger margin would improve its artistic qualities, however."

"Don't you think that illustrations would make a great improvement in the **Ceepur Courier**?" said Herbert, coming in.

"Yes, most certainly," replied Henry. "They brighten any paper. Of course we do not mean cartoons, or an overabundance of pictures. Children love illustrations, and we are only children of a larger growth."

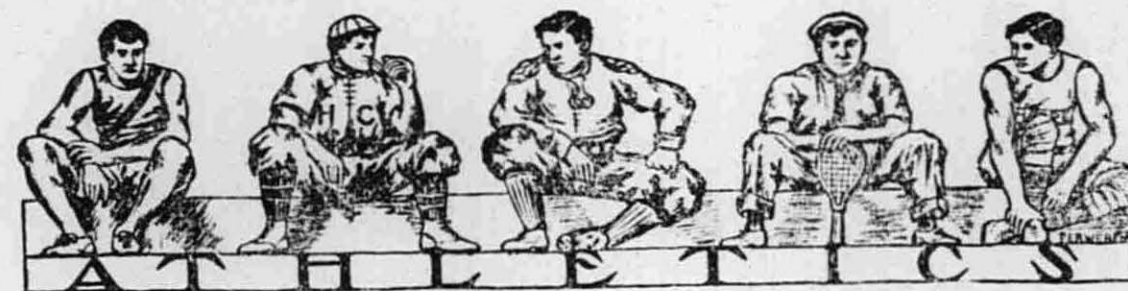
Then Clarence "buted in." "The **Adrian College World** has a cover that is too large for the paper."

"True," came the reply. "It tears and looks very ragged after being read a few times."

"**Purple and Gold** gives the pictures of all the men on the football team," said Herbert. "Look at them; aren't they stocky?"

"They and the Kalamazoo College players have had glorious football seasons, winning almost every game," said Don. "So we say 'Honor to whom honor is due.'"

As we went to our several rooms we knew that we would work harder to boost our college paper until it should hold the highest rank among school papers.



Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A., 32; Hope, 27.

As a preliminary to the annual trip, our basket-ball team traveled to Grand Rapids on the evening of Dec. 28th, to play the Grand Rapids Y. M. C. A. It was a hard-fought and exciting contest, but the orange-and-blue went down to defeat before their strong opponents. The very limited playing-space hindered our players considerably, and not a play could be worked on the narrow floor. This had a noticeable effect on the result of the game.

The players appreciated very greatly the loyalty and enthusiasm of the visiting Hopeites, who cheered and sang faithfully, even though it was for a lost cause.

Lineup and summary:

Hope.	Position.	Grand Rapids.
Kleinheksel.....	r. f.	Cook
Lokker.....	l. f.	Montgomery
Stegenga.....	c.	Speelman
Van Bronkhorst.....	l. g.	Wilmarth
Ver Hoek.....	r. g.	Bennett

Final score—Grand Rapids, 32; Hope, 27. Fouls thrown—Lokker, 4 in 13; Cook, 4 in 22. Baskets from field—Lokker, 3; Stegenga, 5; Ver Hoek, 1; Cook, 5; Montgomery 4; Speelman, 4; Bennett, 1.

Referee—Vruwink. Umpire—Dubridge.

Jackson Y. M. C. A., 55; Hope, 35.

The first game on our trip was at Jackson, where we played our old rivals, the Jackson Y. M. C. A. For the second time old Hope went down to defeat by the score of 55-35. The first half was a battle royal, with first one team leading and then the other, but it ended with Jackson leading by five

points. In the second half our players lacked snap and ginger, and the Jackson team made sad havoc of our team-work.

The Jackson Patriot said of the game: "The game was by far the classiest contest ever seen in this city, clean, snappy, exciting, and full of thrills, and the victory marks the Jackson team as second to none in the state. The collegians are exceedingly fast and their team-work is the best seen in Jackson."

Lineup and summary:

Hope.	Position.	Jackson.
Kleinheksel.....	r. f.	Nauman
Lokker, Dalman.....	l. f.	Lipscomb
Stegenga.....	c.	McGee
Van Bronkhorst.....	l. g.	Russell
Ver Hoek, Hekhuis.....	r. g.	Spencer, Scott

Goals from fouls—Lokker, 3 out of 8; Stegenga, 4 out of 6; Lipscomb, 11 out of 16. Goals from field—Kleinheksel, 5; Lokker, 4; Stegenga, 2; Van Bronkhorst, 2; Ver Hoek, 1; Nauman, 9; Lipscomb, 6; McGee, 3; Russell, 3; Scott, 1.

Referee—De Kruif. Umpire—Dean.

Saginaw, 42; Hope, 45.

Our next stop was at Saginaw, where we played the Saginaw All-Stars for the first time. The game was close and exciting throughout, with Saginaw leading by four points at the end of the first half; but the Hope team "came back" strong in the second half. **The Saginaw Courier-Herald** said: "Fighting an uphill battle all the way, the speedy Hope college basket-ball team spurted at the finish and handed the All-Saginaw five their first defeat on the Armory floor by the score of 45-42. The visitors showed class which is seldom seen here. Their team-work was snappy, and for a light team on a slippery floor, they played a remarkable game. Stegenga, the visiting pivot man, is tall and has developed a jump which makes it hard to get the ball away from him. Lokker, the visitors' diminutive left forward, was the stellar performer of the evening. His foul shooting had much to do with the result. One of the features was the work of Referee De Kruif, the Hope coach. He is recognized as one of the best officials in the middle-west and not a kick was registered against his work."

Lineup and summary:

Hope.	Position.	Saginaw.
Kleinheksel.....	r. f.	Bradley
Lokker.....	l. f.	Cooper
Stegenga.....	c.	Spencer
Van Bronkhorst.....	l. g.	Schoen
Ver Hoek.....	r. g.	Richard, Vondette

Fouls thrown—Lokker, 9 in 14; Cooper, 6 in 13. Baskets from field—Lokker, 6; Kleinheksel, 2; Stegenga, 5; Van Bronkhorst, 4; Ver Hoek, 1; Bradley, 9; Cooper, 7; Spencer, 1; Schoen, 1.

Referee—De Kruif. Umpire—Gorman.

Mt. Pleasant, 27; Hope, 53.

Our third and last game was with our old friends, the Mt. Pleasant Normals. It took the Hope team a little while to get started, as they were all thoroughly tired after the hard Saginaw game, but after they once got started, everything went their way. The score at the end of the first half was 27-11. The passing and team-work of the Hope team were good, and the result was an easy victory.

Lineup and summary:

Hope.	Position.	Mt. Pleasant.
Kleinheksel.....	r. f.	Dickerson
Lokker.....	l. f.	Mason
Stegenga.....	c.	Frazer
Van Bronkhorst.....	l. g.	Davison
Ver Hoek, Hekhuis.....	r. g.	Raymond

Final score—Hope, 53; Mt. Pleasant, 27. Fouls thrown—Lokker, 1 in 5; Mason, 6 in 11. Baskets from field—Kleinheksel, 7; Lokker, 8; Stegenga, 6; Van Bronkhorst, 4; Ver Hoek, 1; Hekhuis, 1; Dickerson, 1; Mason, 5; Frazer, 1; Raymond, 2.

Referee—De Kruif.

Lewis Institute, 12; Hope, 51.

The first big game of the season was played Friday evening, Jan. 12th, with the Lewis Institute five from Chicago.

The first few minutes of the first half were very exciting and it seemed as if the contest would be very close. The home team, after warming up, soon showed their superiority and cleverness, and at the end of the first half the score stood 21 to 8 in favor of the Hope-ites. The visitors at different times succeeded in breaking up a number of our plays. In the second half the visitors scored but four points, while our boys had everything their own way and raised the score to 51. The last half was exceedingly slow, but was characterized by "scrappiness" throughout.

Lineup:

Lewis Inst.	Position.	Hope.
Wallen.....	l. f.	Lokker
Phelps, Stein.....	r. f.	Kleinheksel
Loeding.....	c.	Stegenga
Williams.....	r. g.	Ver Hoek
McKee.....	l. g.	Van Bronkhorst

Cummary—First half: Baskets—Stem, 1; Loeding, 1; McKee, 2; Kleinheksel, 3; Lokker, 3; Stegenga, 2; Van Bronkhorst, 1. Fouls—Lokker, 3 out of 4. Hope, 21; Lewis 8.

Second half: Baskets—Stein, 1; Kleinheksel, 4; Lokker, 5; Stegenga, 2; Van Bronkhorst, 2. Fouls—Phelps, 2 out of 3; Lokker, 3 out of 3. Hope, 51; Lewis, 12.

Referee—Van Putten. Time-keeper—Verburg. Scorer—Holleman.

Locals

Prof. Brush to Ruth: "Wie kommst du herr?"

Ruth: "Nobody, I comb it myself."

Soph: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshy: "No. Who teaches it?"

"Tell me," sighed Holleman to Miss De Pree, "what is in your heart?"

Miss Depree gave him a look and then said, "What do you suppose?—Blood."

Wichers (in physiology to C class student): "Please describe the spinal column."

C-student: "Well, it is a long bone extending up and down through the body. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

Nina and Dorothy went to be weighed the other day and were astonished when it was discovered that Dorothy weighed more. "Why," said Nina, "that's funny, the boys say I'm heavier."

If such is the case it is time the gentlemen were called to order.

May (in German): "The sun came up in the south."

Brush: "And where does it usually?"

Mae, confusedly: "Why—why—oh, in the east."

Ruth (coming out of a brown study): "I wonder if all doctors are cruel?"

And Tony goes a-May-ing in December.

Lucile (calling): "Gerarda. Stanley was here this afternoon!"

Gerarda, severely: "You do make such foolish, unnecessary remarks, Lucile."

Yes, you might have known, Lucile.

Evelyn, reciting: "Well, I think she was sorry that she attracted everyone by her beauty."

Brush: "No, that is a woman's business."

Some valentines the boys expect to send:

"Oh, maid so fair,
Of fluffy hair,
To me be true,
I love but you."—Dieters.

To my Valentine:

"You are my only hope in Hope,

The profs all flunk me flat;
 If you'll be mine (this is no dope!)
 I swear—I'll eat my hat!"—Rhynie.
 Oh, oh, oh, Ida!

My dear Clara:

"My valentine, with eyes of blue,
 I write this little verse to you,
 Because, alas, alack! 'tis true—
 I've nothing else to do."—Peet.

"I can't get used to joking, Nan, it hasn't proved worth while;
 And honestly—blest if I don't!—I kind-a like your style.
 You've got a jolly temperament, that nothing seems to rile,—
 So if you'll have me, say the word, I'm yours forever.—Pyl."

"Oh, don't you remember, sweet Alice, the night
 When we walked in the rain to the dorm
 And I held your dainty hand so white
 And your parasol, out in the storm?

They say that this world with sad troubles is rife,—
 If you say you'll be my Valentine,
 I'll carry your parasol all through life,
 If it doesn't wear out before mine."—Billie.

Some of us have a decided philosophy of life. Here are a few examples:

Doc. De Young: "To eat is to be happy."

Vander Woude: "Woman is for man's sake."

Charlotte: "'Tis better to laugh than be sighing."

Tony: "Man is a social being."

Chuck: "It doesn't pay to be good."

Martha: "Ditto."

Wallinga: "The folks that can't appreciate you aren't worth while."

Stein: "It's always fine weather."

Ev. De Pree: "It's quality, not quantity."

Peet: "Do what you please, but don't do too much."

Della: "You needn't be clever, if you're pretty."

Lokker: "Basket-ball."

THE UNOFFICIAL REPORT.

Holland, Mich., Jan. 16, 1912.

Dear "Jack":

You were always greatly interested in athletics while at Hope, and I know you still have a tender spot in your heart for Hope's athletics, so I thought it would be well for me to let you know all about our annual holiday basket-ball trip.

Of course, it won't be necessary to tell you of our little preliminary trip to Grand Rapids, because you saw the game and probably felt some of it, too. We were defeated, but you must admit we played against big odds. It was too bad, thus to crush the hopes of the loyal Hopeites who attended the game, but after it was all over "Shorty" made a solemn vow, in the presence of "Coach," that "we'll beat the socks off that 'Y' team when they come to Holland."

Our real trip began January 2nd. "Coach," "Klunt," "Shorty," "Hoek" and "Hek" took the 8:35 A. M. at Holland, while "Stog," "Dolly," "Whitie" and I got on that same car after it had a fairly good start. It would have been too much of a strain on the car if we had all boarded it at the same time, for when I got aboard at Forest Grove everybody acted as if they were going to attend a funeral. Just think of all the "dear ones" those boys were leaving behind, and—, well, you can't tell what might happen on a three days' trip, especially when you are going way across the state of Michigan!

However, everybody was in good humor when we reached Grand Rapids. So far only one accident had happened. You remember "Yake's" "trunk" last year, don't you? Well, "Hoek" had a suit-case almost like it, and while it was standing on the back platform of the Interurban, somebody jerked off the handle. So we all went to a "wholesale house," that is, a wholesale harness store, and bought a strap for the "trunk."

At the depot "Strien" gave us a few parting injunctions

and his best wishes for the success of our trip, and then we were off for Jackson. The train was crowded with students bound for Ann Arbor and other schools, and we met several old Hopeites. With these old friends, and "Judge" and "Life," and several less intimate acquaintances, the journey to "The Prison City" was accomplished.

"The Dalton" was still in the same old place, but undergoing repairs, and the elevator boy owned the place, at least judging from the way he talked. After we had been assigned to our "suites," the first place, of course, was the "Paris Cafe." Just as good as ever, Jack. The proprietor looked us over and decided he could board us at reduced rates better than last year, but he hadn't figured on "Shorty," and I'm sure he did not see the hungry look in "Hoek's" eyes.

After dinner we rested up for the game. Don't ask me about that game, "Jack." We must have made a sorry spectacle, especially in the last half, but "Coach" did not say much afterwards. If he would only talk, it would not be so bad, but you know that loud silence of his is very impressive.

The next morning we arose bright and early at 9 o'clock, to make ready for our trip to Saginaw. We left Jackson at 11:30 A. M. and arrived in Saginaw at 3:00 P. M. We spent the time on the train very pleasantly by playing "hand-car" and "come-back." These are very nice, quiet, entertaining games, especially for those who travel.

We stopped at the Wright Hotel, and it was the "right" place, too. Talk about "The Dalton" having the "best beds on earth!" Not since we have been to Saginaw, "Jack!" The "Wright" beds are a shade better. For our meals we went to the "Paris Cafe" and we were there entertained by a pretty Greek maiden. She proceeded to get "fussed" as soon as we entered, and the first thing she did was to give "Stog" a shower bath with a glass of water. But anyway, she was a good waitress, and always started the pianola as soon as we entered the Cafe. Whatever else the boys may have said about the city, they surely must have said that "Saginaw is certainly the place for girls." "Shorty" said, however, that he did not want his opinion generally known throughout Holland.

With the Saginaw game to our credit, next noon we left for Mt. Pleasant. Like last year we were again allowed "stop-

over" privileges at Alma, and like last year the only place to go to was "Yake's" Music Hall. "Jack," we found the same sign on that door. After resting (?) at Alma for about four hours we went on to Mt. Pleasant, where we won an easy victory over the Normal team. We were entertained at the Naomi Club, situated near the school, but after the game, although it was about ten below zero, we went down-town to visit our old Greek friend at the "Paris Cafe," and there "Coach" permitted us to eat some PIE.

That was the end of our trip, except for the home-coming, of course, and you may be sure we were all glad to get back into well-known territory once more. Did we have fun? Yes, the quiet kind of fun you can have while resting. At one time, on the same train with us, was a man who travels for the I. C. S., and he told "Coach" we were the best-behaved bunch of college athletes on a trip, that he had ever come across. That ought to make the Faculty have confidence in the men who represent Hope in athletics, don't you think so?

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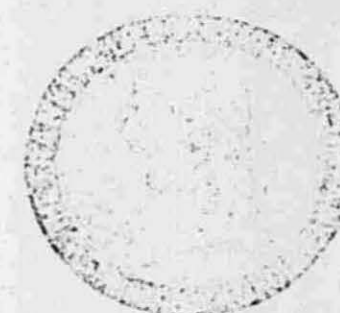
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